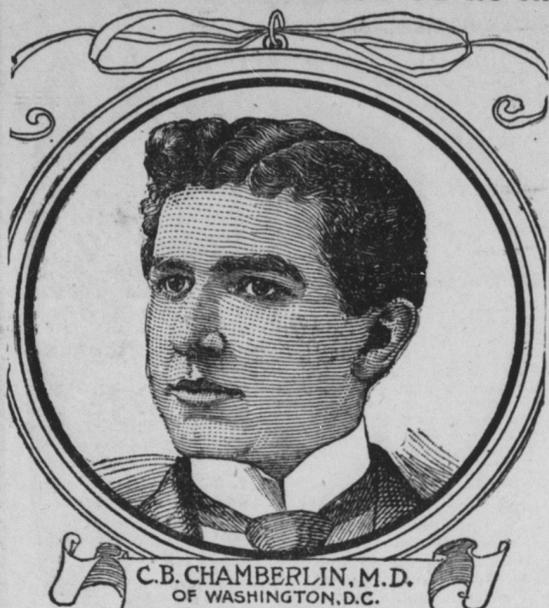


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OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

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a vast change and I now consider  
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"Fought your nasty decaying kalsomine? No, sir! ALABASTINE is what I asked for and what I want."

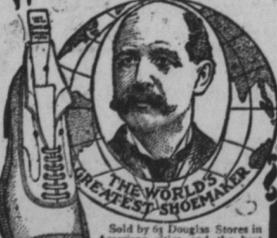
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W. L. DOUGLAS  
SHOES \$3.50  
UNION MADE.



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Notice increase of sales table below:

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1899 = 396,193 Pairs.

1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.

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Shoes by mail, 25 cts. extra. Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Ten gentl dwelt within a man—  
One evil was, while nine were good;  
And they his daily course did plan:  
He could not stay them if he would.

And so it was his lot to be  
For nine full days beyond reproof,  
While one short day from evil he  
Was powerless to keep aloof.

His staunchest friend—such is the law  
Of friendship ever—failed to scan  
The good, but only evil saw:  
And so he said, "This is the man!"  
—George Chinn, in the New York Sun.

## Akowma's Ruse.

By George Harlow Clark.

Akowma was a lad of seventeen when this incident happened. With his widowed mother and a twin brother, Nipsu, he lived in one of a half-dozen cabins forming a small settlement on the Koyukuk. The village was near the mouth of a stream which had its source in the Lockwood Hills, north of the arctic circle.

It was a severe winter. Besides the cold, the natives had also to contend with famine. Salmon, on which they relied principally for food, had been less abundant the preceding summer than usual, and when the season closed it had been foreseen that the stock of dried fish would be exhausted long before spring.

The utmost exertion on the part of the hunters had failed to make up for the deficiency; moose and caribou had apparently migrated, and the black bears, too, had disappeared. By the end of January the little community was face to face with actual starvation.

Akowma's mother had a brother dwelling farther up the Koyukuk. In the hope that he might be able to spare a little food for them, his starving relatives resolved to apply to him for help.

Accordingly, early in February, Nipsu set out for his uncle's cabin, while Akowma stayed at home to hunt grouse, ptarmigan and other small creatures, on which the natives were now forced to subsist.

Although the river is so crooked that three days were required to make the journey by canoe, a single long day's march overland would suffice; but the trail was practicable only in cold weather, when the frozen-over ponds and swamps were frozen over.

Ordinarily Nipsu would have travelled with sledge and dogs, but the last of their faithful draft-animals had been long since sacrificed, and he was compelled to trust to his snow-shoes. This was no hardship, however, to the youth, who, like all native lads, was an expert snow-shoe runner.

In case game of some kind should be encountered, he took with him a musket that had belonged to his father, together with a few rounds of ammunition. A rawhide pack-strap, to be used in bringing home the provisions, if his mission proved successful, completed his equipment.

Daily during Nipsu's absence Akowma ranged the woods assiduously, in common with the other men. He was armed only with bow and arrows, but these answered his purpose admirably for he was a skillful archer and his shooting was confined to birds.

Gray jays, the mocking-birds of the far north; the black-and-white woodpecker plying his pick industriously with the resonant rat-tat-tat on spruce and poplar; pine-grobes; crossbills which, except for their queer, scissor-like bills, were living miniatures of the grobes; sleek brown waxwings, with pointed crests proudly erected—all these were targets for his unerring shafts.

Hitherto he would have disdained to draw bow for the sake of such insignificant quarry, but now, spurred by hunger, he did so without compunction. The redpolls and chickadees alone were not molested; younger lads might hunt them, but they were so sprightly and cheerful that he preferred to spare them. Besides, they were such tiny morsels that it was hardly worth while to pluck them.

Nipsu had been gone two days when a hunter reported having discovered the fresh tracks of a wolf near a lake northeast of the settlement, and not far from the path to their kinsman's cabin. As the footprints were apparently those of a single animal, Akowma hoped that his brother might meet and kill it.

"Wolf meat is better than no meat, mother," he said.  
But she, fearing it might be a fore-runner of a numerous pack, was alarmed by the news.  
"When the bears go the wolves come," said she, repeating a tribal proverb. "I pray that Nipsu may not see them."

As his brother was expected to return the next day, Akowma, who had promised to join him on the trail, hunted in that direction throughout the forenoon. The weather, which had previously been intensely cold, was moderating, presaging a storm.

A dozen or more birds of various species were tied to the rawhide cord supporting his quiver when, after midday, he entered a wide, treeless level of frozen meadow. There, in early summer, rain and melted snow formed a large lake, on which ducks and geese and other water-fowl congregated in myriads.

A network of the curious vinelike tracks of the ptarmigan indicated that a covey of these birds were feeding on the succulent seeds of aquatic grasses, the feathery tops of which appeared in patches above the snow. Presently

he perceived one of them crouching tranquilly a few feet away, evidently trusting to its white plumage for concealment.

Having secured it, he continued his search, and soon finished a second, whereupon the rest of the covey took wing, but alighted after a brief flight. The boy followed eagerly, keeping up the chase until five more had been added to his string.

He heard at intervals the report of a distant gun, and he conjectured that another hunter had also found game. The pursuit of the ptarmigan had enticed him far from the way. Snow had been falling intermittently for some time, and daylight was waning rapidly when he struck out on a beeline toward the trail.

Beyond the meadow the trail led over a steep, wooded ridge to a similar natural clearing, many acres in extent. There for perhaps a half-mile it skirted the base of a precipitous hillside, irregular, vertical wall of weather-worn rock, overlooking the clearing.

Just in front of the precipice, and about midway along its face, grew a single tall spruce, so close that its branches almost brushed the rock. One of its exposed roots protruded across the trail, making a mound over which the natives, when sledging, drove with care to avoid a spill.

The twilight was fast deepening into dusk as Akowma descended the ridge. He was abreast of the solitary tree when a musket-shot close at hand, followed by a prolonged outcry as of an animal in pain, brought him to a standstill. A moment later he heard a loud halloo, in which he recognized his brother's voice.

"Nipsu has shot the wolf!" he exclaimed, joyfully. He hurried on, shouting as he ran.

He was within a few strides of the thick forest bordering the clearing when a wolf leaped into the trail right in front of him. His first thought was that it must be the creature at which Nipsu had fired. Possibly it was wounded. Without hesitation he fitted an arrow to his bow and let fly at the brute. Despite the dim light, his aim was true. With the shaft sticking in its side the wolf sprang back into the thicket, yelping and howling.

Scarcely had the arrow left the bow before Akowma heard his brother calling to him.

"Gah! gah!" (Fly! fly!) was all that he could make out, but he comprehended that Nipsu was entreating him to find a place of refuge without delay.

The reason for this was quickly revealed. The yelping of Akowma's victim was answered by a chorus that terrified the lad. It was a sound that, once heard, is not likely ever to be forgotten—the hunting-cry of a famishing wolf pack. Having treed Nipsu, some, if not all, of the brutes were coming to attack him.

His sole chance of safety lay in his climbing a tree immediately. Those before him were of small growth, but the big spruce at his back would afford sure protection if he could but retrace his steps. Facing about, he sped fleetly down the trail toward it.

Had the snow been covered with crust firm enough to bear the wolves, Akowma could not have escaped. As it was, the foremost of the racing pack broke from the cover of the woods as he paused at the foot of the tree to slip off his snow-shoes.

Knowing that if he left them lying in the snow the wolves would speedily devour the sinew meshes and gnaw the birchwood frames to splinters, he hooked the toes of the snow-shoes, together with his bow, over the stub of a broken bough above his head. Then grasping a stout limb, he scrambled up.

In doing so his head struck the heels of the suspended snow-shoes, dislodging the bow. It fell upon the leader of the pack as the snarling brute snapped at Akowma's moccasins. The boy's first care was to remove the snow-shoes to another stub higher up on the trunk.

Dreading lest anxiety on his account should lead Nipsu into making a rash attempt to come to his aid, Akowma climbed to a height from which he could look over the woods where his brother was still besieged by part of the pack, and called out reassuringly to him. Although neither could see the other, they were able by shouting to converse intelligibly.

Nipsu, it seemed, had successfully performed his errand, and he was bound homeward in high spirits when he had discovered the wolves closing in behind him. He had taken refuge in a tree near the trail, and had retained his load of provisions, as well as his musket, but he had lost his snow-shoes, of which the wolves' sharp teeth had made short work.

He stated also that seven of the brutes were still watching him. He had killed three, and might have increased his score if his supply of ammunition had not given out.

Foreseeing that Akowma's prolonged absence from the settlement would cause his friends to organize a search-party, the boys confidently expected rescue not later than the next day. Fur parkies (hooded coats) enabled them to defy cold, and as for hunger, Nipsu's pack, thanks to their kinsman's bounty, contained an abundance of food, while Akowma had his string of ptarmigan and other birds.

They feared only a fall, which might result should drowsiness overpower them. To prevent accident of this kind Nipsu had already lashed himself to his perch by means of his belt and a piece of pack-strap, and he advised his brother to do likewise.

With arm outstretched, Akowma could almost touch with his finger-tips the face of the precipice beside him. What if the wolves, of whose cunning he had heard much, should take it

into their heads to proceed to the top of the hill, and by leaping down into the spruce come to close quarters with him? It was true that a long detour through the woods would first be necessary, but, desperate with hunger, as they were, he believed that neither the detour nor the fear of falling with their victim would restrain them. Clinging by its roots to the frozen soil on the brink of the rocky wall, a white birch drooped until its bushy branches mingled with the spruce boughs a few feet above his head. As, in sudden dismay, he glanced up through the falling snow-flakes, the sight of its gnarled and twisted trunk suggested to him that if he could but elude the vigilance of his besiegers, it would be possible for him to make his way over the birch to the verge of the rock.

Then he could hurry back to the settlement, arouse the hunters, and return with them to relieve Nipsu. Realizing that delay increased the likelihood of an attack from above, he straightway prepared to carry out this plan.

Darkness and the falling snow were in his favor, but he wished besides to devise means of distracting the wolves' attention. He rejected the idea of scattering his birds among them; these would be snapped up too quickly. But a more promising scheme soon occurred to him.

Descending the tree, he suspended three of the ptarmigan from branches where they dangled temptingly just beyond reach of the gaunt beasts.

Then, taking with him his snow-shoes, he reascended to where the drooping birch rubbed against the spruce.

Stripping off his parkie, he stuffed it almost to bursting with spruce twigs, amid which he distributed the remaining birds, after which he tied things tightly about the waist, wrists and hood of the garment.

This done, he called out to his brother, telling him briefly of his purpose. Nipsu volunteered, by shouting and by feigning an intention of jumping down, to prevent those of the pack which were guarding him from noticing what was going on elsewhere.

Pushing the bulky parcel outward and clear of intervening boughs, Akowma dropped it into the snow at the foot of the tree, fifty feet below, on the side away from the rock. The wolves, no doubt mistaking it for the lad himself, pounced upon it, rending it with teeth and claws, and fighting with one another over its contents.

Now was Akowma's time. Without stopping to deplore the ruin of his parkie, he swung himself into the birch. The clamor of the quarrelling brutes below drowned the snapping of twigs, brittle with cold, that accompanied his hasty passage along the bending tree.

Kneeling on the brink of the precipice, he listened anxiously while putting on his snow-shoes, but there was no abatement in the noise of conflict. His flight had not yet been perceived. The soft, new-fallen snow muffled the sound of his snow-shoes as he sped on through the trackless birch forest covering the hill. He laid his course straight for the settlement. Nipsu's vociferous cries were audible long after he had left the hill, but no wolves barred his path.

On reaching home, which he did without mishap, his tidings were received with joy. Every man and boy procured weapons and snow-shoes, and guided by Akowma, who had donned another parkie, set forth to slay the wolves.

As they drew near the scene of the lad's adventure, the natives divided their forces. Part assailed the wolves which were found still patiently surrounding the big spruce, while the rest relieved Nipsu. The marauding pack was annihilated.

The meat obtained by Nipsu furnished food for the little community until the migrating caribou had returned, when starvation was no longer to be feared.—Youth's Companion.

## Rhode's Love of Books.

The most interesting of side of Cecil Rhodes was his love of books and his extraordinary powers of assimilating them. He could, like John Richard Green, suck the heart out of a book in a very short time, but, unlike the author of the "Shorter History," he was incapable of reproducing in writing what he had read.

The shortest letter was a trouble to him, and, indeed, he seldom, if ever, could be induced to write one. It must be said, however, that this extreme reticence on paper was not due merely to a dislike for writing or to a feeling of incapacity, but to a caution which grew more and more marked. He was averse from committing anything to the compromising evidence of black and white.

His literary studies did not take him into the region of intellectual subtleties, but were all connected with living facts. History, ancient and modern, was particularly congenial to him, and he devoured anything which would tell him of new countries or new peoples.

## Killed a High-Living Wolf.

The biggest wolf story of the season comes from Billings county, N. D., where G. W. Myers was the lucky captor. Lupus in this case is reported to have been seven feet and ten inches from his nose to the tip of his tail, and to have weighed 168 pounds dead. He had been a long-time offender and Mr. Myers had for years made a standing offer of \$50 for his capture. It is estimated that he has killed \$5,000 worth of stock. With the last few months he has killed a number of full-grown cattle on Mr. Myers' ranch. The hide was tanned and will be retained as a souvenir.—St. Paul Dispatch.

## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFLY TOLD.

Special Dispatches Boiled Down for Quick Reading.

### PATENTS AND PENSIONS GRANTED.

Forestry Commission Plants 15,000 Trees—  
Seed Also Sown for 50,000 More Trees on  
State Reservations—Dashed Acid into a  
Girl's Face—New Charters Issued—Trust  
Fears McKeesport—State's Big Balance.

Pensions granted: Andrew Mills, Altoona, \$5; Herman Quarstrom, Warren, \$17; John Palmer, Kinzua, \$5; Charles H. Rush, Clearfield, \$14; Samuel Kuhns, Franklin, \$12; William Hirst, Altoona, \$8; John A. Stroupe, Pigeon, \$12; James H. Kimble, Lavansville, \$17; John H. Scott, New Albany, \$17; Jacob Anderson, Belknap, \$10; Thomas M. Yohn, Honey Grove, \$12; William Swanger, Derry Station, \$14; Conrad George, Everett, \$12; Samuel Church, Mifflintown, \$10; Andrew J. Bower, Uniontown, \$10; Cookson D. Green, Knox, \$14; Elizabeth Rodgers, Phillipsburg, \$8; Alfred Burrows, Sharon, \$25; Elias Rice, Homestead, \$6; Alexander C. Fulcrone, North Clarendon, \$6; Harry M. Quigg, Pittsburg, \$8; Ray Brown, Oswayo, \$6; Dorr S. Kenyon, Troy, \$17; James E. Horton, Mansfield, \$10; Nathaniel Wilkins, Bradford, \$10; Lewis H. Ruble, Lewistown, \$12; David B. Bare, Greensburg, \$10; John W. Steele, Tatesville, \$8; William C. Patten, Erie, \$8; James Barkley, Valley Point, \$12; Milton A. Embick, Bojling Springs, \$30; Scipha Ryan, Cambridge Springs, \$8; Elizabeth J. Harvey, Newville, \$8; Catherine J. Richardson, Linden Hall, \$8; Catherine McClelland, Allegheny, \$8; Fidelia A. Porter, Windfall, \$8.

Patents granted: John L. C. V. F. J. P. R. and F. L. Abrogast, Pittsburg, manufacturing hollow glassware; John G. Bankert, Wilkinsburg, envelope; Arthur B. Bellows, Pittsburg, brake beam also car door mechanism; Charles W. Bray, Pittsburg, doubling apparatus; James Chalmers, Jr., Swissvale, detector bar clip and stop; William I. Chesterman, Walston, steam generating system; George Faith and T. Hook, Indiana, drain valve for cylinders; Charles Guilford, Pittsburg, pressure regulator; Clarence N. Heinz, Pittsburg, utensils for display of goods; Frank Hopkins, Miles Grove, sand papering machine; Spiduron J. Jehu, Pittsburg, gas saving appliance; Julia Kennedy, Pittsburg, blast furnace filling apparatus, also operating blast furnaces; John A. Krenser, Duquesne, drop bottom for ash pans; Lorentz Lotzky and S. Furst, McKeesport, nut lock; Paul Luther, Allegheny, switch throwing device; James A. McMasters, Kittanning, ice togs; John Metcalfe and T. Bell, Roscoe, cable grip; Alexander Moffitt, California, car window; Alexander G. Morris, Tyrone, crusher; Carl S. Schenck, Walkers Mills, down haul for mines, also brake for hauls for mines; Clifton W. Sherman, Bellevue, bottom-pouring ladle.

The State Forestry Commission is setting out 15,000 young pine trees at the Mont Alto forestry reservation, under the direction of Forester Wirt. White pine seed has also been sown for 80,000 more trees, and the commission is arranging to plant 50,000 tulip poplar trees on the South Mountain reservation at Caledonia and Mont Alto. The commission has bought 83,000 acres of forest land, of which 8,500 are in Huntingdon county, 74,000 acres are in Union, Center and Mifflin counties and 500 acres are in Pike county. The prices paid for this land are not given, and it is the rule of the department not to make prices public in order to prevent the cost being raised on other lands that it has in view. Six thousand acres of the purchase contain the finest kind of pine lumber, and before the contract price was paid the commission was offered alone more than the sum it paid for the lumber of land, so that as a bargain the State gained considerable. However, it is not the policy of the State to sell, and the offer was refused.

Miss Mary Naylor, daughter of Mrs. Bridget Naylor, of Williamsport, heard a rap at the door of her home. Opening the door Miss Naylor was unable to see anyone in the darkness, but heard a woman standing on the lawn call to her, saying: "Mary, come here; I want to tell you something." Thinking it was some acquaintance, Miss Naylor stepped off the porch and was confronted by a woman whom she did not recognize, dressed in black and with a black veil over her face. Grasping Miss Naylor's left arm, the woman exclaimed: "I'll spoil your youth and beauty for you," and dashed a quantity of acid into her face. Miss Naylor screamed and staggered into the house. Miss Naylor's physician says her eyesight will be restored.

President James Evans, of the National Bank of McKeesport, announced that the United States Steel Corporation has decided against McKeesport as a site for one of the two large tube plants for whose erection the Steel Trust has just appropriated \$15,000,000. This decision was due to the attitude of its officials during last summer's steel strike, and owing to the fact that when the Steel Corporation tried to buy twenty-five acres adjoining its present holdings prices were advanced 100 per cent., it is alleged.

At the close of business for April there was \$7,753,451.41 in the general fund of the State Treasury. The banks on which daily checks are drawn have the following sums on deposit: Farmers and Mechanics' National, Philadelphia, \$2,125,161.74; Allegheny National, Pittsburg, \$2,880,322; Commonwealth Trust, Harrisburg, \$2,737,766; Freehold Bank, Pittsburg, \$234,622.12; Quaker City National, Philadelphia, \$589,256.02. These five banks carry over one-half of the entire amount in the general fund. There has been a great increase in the number of State depositories.

President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, announced that another fellowship of \$500 for this year only has been presented to the college. He said that at a meeting of the faculty the fellowship was awarded to E. Edgar Earle Trout, of Wayne, a member of the senior class. The recipient of the fellowship is to spend one year in graduate work, at some university approved by the faculty.

A church costing \$5,000 will be erected by Trinity Lutheran Mission, at Manoa, near Bryn Mawr, on the G. property, adjoining the site they have occupied for several years.



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Are You Sick?  
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